

"THE SKIES DRIP BLOOD"

VERCE

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~: Lights Out! Everybody?

BIZ: CHIMES - WIND IN AND REGISTER - GONG - ~~XXXXX~~

(OUT)

VERCE: Blood from the Sky!

BIZ: FIERCE MOUNTAIN-TOP WIND - OCCASIONAL MOHNS FROM DISTANCE -

CRISS: I'm the last man in the world. - Last normal one, ~~xxxxxxx~~  
At least  
I mean. / I'm not one of those ~~monstrosities~~ - those  
monstrosities down there. Hear 'em? Some of 'em are  
still moaning and carryin' on - but most of 'em have  
just given up. (GASP) If I could only get a breath of  
air - just one lungful. God! why am I the only one!?. . .  
I guess I'm lucky. I'm not one of those - those "things"  
down there. Yeah - I'm lucky. I'll die - die like a  
human being. That's a break. I might even be the last  
guy in the world to be able to die. Me! - Jimmy Crissman -  
the last guy in the world to die. (GASP FOR AIR) I - I  
wonder why me? I'm not a good man - not like a saint or  
anything like that. Just an ordinary guy. I believe in God -  
but I never did anything about it - didn't pray or save  
souls - nothing like that. I know - I'm just lucky - just  
got the breaks, just happened to do the right thing at the  
right time. (MUSING CHUCKLE) Me - Jimmy Crissman - the last  
really living man on the earth - and I'll be the last one  
to die. (THOUGHT) Yeah - a go to heaven, maybe. / I'm not going  
to kill myself yet. I'm going to ~~stick~~ around to see what  
happens - maybe I'll be in at the end. Lemme see - maybe  
I better make a record of some sortx - maybe somebody will  
live on the earth again someday and they won't know about this.

CRISS:

(CONTINUED)

Not unless I make a record. . . (FIGHTING TO REMEMBER)

Oh - If I could only remember exactly. It's nineteen-  
fourty-nine, I know that. Must be about April: the rain  
fell in March. Musta been about a month <sup>since -</sup>. The world war  
started in ~~1944~~ ~~fourty~~ nineteen-forty - (BREAK) Gosh, I  
can't remember - either nineteen-forty-three or-four.

The last world war - really the last world war - that's  
what it was. People said it'd never stop until everybody  
in the world was killed. They didn't know it'd end this  
way. I oughta remember the date of the rain - that's  
important. Lemme see - my leave was to start ~~am~~ at four  
o'clock on Friday - and I was waitin' for the scouting  
flight to land - (FADING) - and Burke and me had just  
heard the planes comin' in.

(OUT)

(FADING IN)

BURKE:

(IMPATIENTLY) Hey - discard! Are ya playin' rummy or  
are ya readin' the stars for your horrryscope or somethin'.

CRISS:

Yeah-yeah. I just thought I heard the planes -

BURKE:

What of it? Huh? Discard!

CRISS:

Okay - don't get excited. There.

BURKE:

What'sa matter - are you dopey or sumpin'? I'll just take  
these. Three queens on the board and you just let 'em lay.

CRISS:

Burke -

BURKE:

Yeah?

CRISS:

Did you ever see a sky like that before? - red that way?

BURKE:

I dunno. Maybe oncet when the paper warehouse boined near  
our house. Sky was red like that then.



CRISS: No - not like that. The sky is kind of a bright red when there's a fire near.

BURKE: Yeah - it wasn't dark red like it is now. Wonder what causes it. . . The sun drawin' water, maybe?

CRISS: (NEGATIVELY) Uhun - then it'd be red only in the west. Look over toward the east; it's the same color.

BURKE: (SOFTLY) Kinda creepy, aint' it? Like the sun is drawin' blood instead of water. I wonder - could that happen, Criss?

CRISS: Naw. . . Looks like it, though.

BIZ: AIRPLANE CIRCLING OVERHEAD -

BURKE: There ain't enough blood in the world to make the whole sky red like that (SHAKILY) - is there, Criss?

CRISS: Huh? Oh - no - no. It's just - just some freak of nature. (REFLECTIVELY) There've been more than a million guys killed all ready in this lousy war, though.

BURKE: Th-that's why I feel so creepy-like.  
(PAUSE)

CRISS: It's going to rain in a little while I'll bet. Feels like it. The air.

BURKE: Yeah. . . Look - the swardron's gonna land. They're comin' in at the south end of the field.

CRISS: I can only see three of 'em. Do you see any more?

BURKE: Naw.

CRISS: Three of 'em. Two shot down - and they were just on a scoutin' flight - at five thousand feet

BIZ: PLANE LANDING - AT DISTANCE -

CRISS: That's Lowry - he all right.

BURKE: And he has the oldest crate in the service. He's just lucky. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

CRISS: With a nineteen-forty-two plane in a nineteen-forty-nine war he is.

BURKE: That's Miller coming in. He's another lucky bird if I ever saw one. It's your draw if you're still playin' rummy.

CRISS: Let's chuck it. (CALLING) Hey, Lowry! - Lowry! . . . Over here! Commere!

BURKE: Hey - he don't look so happy.

CRISS: Musta been dog-fightin'. (LOUDER) Who's down, Lowry?

LOWRY: (COMING IN) Bert and ShillerX. Nearly got me, too.

CRISS: Run into a flock?

LOWRY: The bird guns - at five thousand feet they picked 'em off. Direct hits.

CRISS: Tough.

BURKE: How did ~~the~~ tomato soup look from up there?

LOWRY: The tomato - (BREAKS OFF) Yeah - I see what you mean? What is goin' on, do you think? I never saw a sky like that. It's like blood - that red.

BIZ: RAIN STARTING - HITTING TIN ROOF -

BURKE: That's just what we were sayin'. It looks like -

CRISS: (INTERRUPTING) There it is! The rain. Here it? You guys got in just in time.

LOWRY: Yeah - we figgered it was a rain coming up. That's probably why the sky is that funny shade of red. I never saw it quite -

CRISS: (INTERRUPTING) Hey! that's funny lookin' rain. (GOING AWAY) Either it's the sky that's making' it look that way or else - (BREAK) Say! Look here -

LOWRY: (COMING IN) What's the matter, Criss? You look just like you've seen a - (STOPS)

CRISS: Look at my hand. That's what feel in my hand.

LOWRY: Great Scott - it's red! The rain is - (BREAK) Criss - it's

blood!



BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -  
(FADING IN)

CARLON: I tell you I don't know what it is. I'm a weather  
observer - not a chemist -

CRISS: But you've studied weather. ~~XXX~~ Y' ever come across  
a case like this?

CARLON: Ummm - there was a case of red rain up in one of the Dakotas  
once. Red clay particles caused it.

BURKE: This stuff ain't got no clay in it. It's just like blood -  
even smells like it.

CARLON: Okay-okay - it's blood then. (GOING AWAY) I can't niff-gnaw  
with you guys all evenin' - I gotta call weather h.q. -

CRISS: (UNEASILY) Burke -

BURKE: Huh?

CRISS: This - this red rain - it means something. I can feel it  
in my ~~blood~~ bones.

BIZ: TWO SHARP BUZZES FROM BUZZER - AWAY -  
think

BURKE: Means what? What d' ya it means?

CRISS: Maybe it's a sign, Burke. Isn't there somethin' in the  
Bible about "thou shall not fight?"

BURKE: Yeah - in the ten amendments; I loined it in Sunday school.

CRISS: Maybe that's it, Burke - maybe God's gettin' tired of  
watchin' guys shootin' at each other. Look at that sky out  
there - still red - that - that "stuff" - it's still coming  
down.

BURKE: I don't like the looks of this.

CARLON: (FADING IN) Hello. Weather? This is Carlon, Le Maine station.  
Report on rain: started four-twelve, temperature 67, wind  
Southeast at fourteen m.p.h. Barometer falling from - (BREAK)  
Yeah? I was just going to ~~talk~~ report on that. Red - red as  
as blood. How did you know?

CRISS: (COMING IN) What's the matter, Carlon? Has the rain -  
CARLON: (TENSELY) Shut up, Criss. (TO PHONE) Yeah? All of 'em? . . .  
Good Lord! Are they sure?~~xxxxx~~! . . . What do they make of  
it? . . . Th-that means it must be world-wide. . . Okay -  
and let me know when y' hear something news, will ya? . . .  
Thanks. That's all.

BIZ: CLICK OF SWITCH -

CRISS: What is it, Carlon! - why all the excitement?  
CARLON: God! - I don't know what to think. It - it's terrible.  
BURKE: What's terrible?  
CARLON: This red rain; headquarters has reports from every station  
on the continent.  
CRISS: (SHAKILY) All of 'em.  
CARLON: Yeah - all of 'em report the same. And that ain't the worst  
of it. And Reuters News Service got flashes from  
Ceylon and Honkong. There too.  
CRISS: Then it must be world-wide.  
CARLON: That's what h.q. thinks.  
(GRAND PAUSE)  
BURKE: It - it ain't blood, though - is it?  
(PAUSE)  
CARLON: That's the worst of it. Chemistry - they analyzed it - and  
they don't know what it is if it ain't blood!  
CRISS: Good God! (LOSING CONTROL) It's a sign! I know it! Just like  
I said it was! The whole cock-eyed world is done for!  
He meant it when He said He didn't want killing. Murdering -  
that's what we've been doing - and this is His answer!  
(HYSTERICALLY) It'll never stop! - never! - it'll keep  
comin' down forever! That's how he's stoppin' the killing!

(S28)



CARLON: (BARKS) Shut up! Keep your mouth shut!

CRISS: It won't stop! It'll keep comin' down until we're all dead! (SCREAMS) Stop it! - stop that damned rain!

BIZ: A SLAP IN THE FACE -

(A PAUSE)

CARLON: I'm sorry, Criss - but this ain't no time to lose your head.

BURKE: N-now - it ain't nuthin', Criss.

CRISS: (VACANTLY) It's rainin' blood everywhere - it pourin' down gutters - off roofs - drippin' off people's faces - (FADING) and nobody can stop it - nobody in the world -  
(OUT)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: RAIN BEATING ON ROOF - SUSTAINED -

(FADE OUT)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: TELEGRAPH BUZZER - CONTINUES BEHIND -

VOICE: (THRU FILTER) General Bulletin - United Forces Chief of Staff - to all branches of service. Continue using water from sheltered water supply for drinking purposes only. Under no condition shall any man drink water from wells, springs, or open bodies of what into which ~~there~~ rain might have fallen or reached in any way. The chemistry services is working night and day to determine the cause of the ~~xxx~~ malignant disease ~~xxxx~~ which is resulting from the drinking of water contaminated by the red rain. (FADING) All men are asked to keep calm and maintain order during this great crisis -  
(OUT)

CRISS: Have you heard what happens to the people who drink the water that red stuff's in?

LOWRY: I - I've seen one guy. He still swelling.

CRISS: Yeah? You saw him?

LOWRY: (AFFIRMATIVELY) Uh-huh. It's awful. He's <sup>thirty</sup> over feet tall - and as big around as this water tank.

CRISS: Lord! And alive too!

LOWRY: Yeah - alive - if you call bein' like that "alive". He can't move a muscle - head's still normal size - but he's gettin' bigger and bigger.

CRISS: That's awful.

LOWRY: Carlon heard that there are fifty people in London who drank it. (PAUSE) One of 'em is over sixty feet tall. Sixty!

CRISS: And they keep swellin' and swellin', huh?

Not one

LOWRY: ~~NONE~~ of them has stopped growing yet. They grow about eight feet taller a day.

CRISS: Lowry - it's the end of the world, isn't it?

LOWRY: If it doesn't stop - yeah. About every protected water supply in the world has given out and if they don't find something to kill the effect of the red rain - well, it won't be long before everybody alive will be swelling.

CRISS: Wh- what will we do when this water supplies runs out?

LOWRY: How should I know? (CALLING) Stand back there. Hey, you - stand back there!

VOICE: (SCREAMING - AWAY) Water - I've got to have water!

CRISS: (YELLING) Stand back!

LOWRY: Fire!

BIZ: RAT-A-TAT OF MACHINE GUN FIRE -

(CROWD HUSHES MOMENTARILY)



LOWRY: (EMOTIONALLY) Poor guy! He went crazy. I feel like an executioner!

CRISS: You had to do it. (PAUSE) What are we doing here, Lowry? - we're just sittin' around waiting to die - that's what. When the water's gone - the water in the tank - then we're goners too.

(MOB SOUNDS START AGAIN - BUILD SLOWLY)  
LOWRY: Yeah - but we can't do anything about it. We'll just have to sit here. Maybe something will happen. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
They'll find a way to counteract the effects of it soon. All the scientists in the world are working on it.

CRISS: How do we know they'll find a way? We don't. They won't, Lowry! - can't you see it! This is the way the world is ending. Somethings behind it all, Lowry - something we don't know about. It isn't just an accident!

LOWRY: Oh, shut up, Criss. You've been going on like that for a week now. Just save ~~xxxxxxx~~ the silver bullet in your gun for yourself.

CRISS: I'm not afraid any more. I'm not the only guy in this boat.

LOWRY: Yeah. . . Look at that mob. They're going to rush us before long. (YELLING) Stand back! - All of you!

CRISS: We can't keep 'em back much longer. Poor devils!

LOWRY: What are those people doing over there by the pond? You don't think they're intending to drink out of - (BREAK - THEN YELLING) Stop! Don't drink that! For the love of God don't drink it!

(HUSH FALLS OVER MOB)  
(TENSE WHISPER)

CRISS: Good lord! that kid - he's taken a drink of that water.

LOWRY: (ALSO TENSELY) Get ready to run for it. When those people sees what happens to the kid - well, they'll rush ~~xx~~ the tank.

(A BOOMING SILENCE)

CRISS: (AGHAST) Lowry! - look at the kid!

LOWRY: I see - I see -

CRISS: (HORRIFIED) He's swelling - you can see him - swelling!

VOICE: (A SCREAM)

(THEN - PANDEMONIUM - SCREAMS, MOANS, SHRIEKS - A CAPELA)

BEZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

CRISS: (SOFTLY) Lowry. Y' asleep?

LOWRY: (SLIGHTLY AWAY - ALSO SOFTLY) No. Just <sup>lying</sup> ~~lying~~ here - thinking. I've been thinking of the biggest drink of water I've ever had. I was a kid ~~and~~ at scout camp - we had a contest - to see who could drink the most water. Lord! - if I could only get in a contest like that again.

CRISS: Lowry - listen to me.

LOWRY: Yeah? What?

CRISS: I'm going to let you in on something.

LOWRY: If you've got anything more interesting than my sweet thoughts of great big cold glasses of water I'll listen.

CRISS: I want you in it with me.--Just you and me - nobody else.

LOWRY: Sounds interesting. Anything to beguile ~~myself~~ the fleeting hours ~~and~~ our lives should be interesting.

CRISS: I'd like to take Burke in on it - but we gotta think about ourselves. Don't you think so?

LOWRY: I don't know what you're talking about - but I agree with you.

CRISS: (LOWERS VOICE TO WHISPER) I have some water.

LOWRY: (ALoud) You have what!

CRISS: (QUICKLY) Shhhhhh! not so loud. . . Yes, I've got some water - nobody else knows where it is.

(PAUSE)



LOWRY: You've gone out of your head. Go to sleep.

CRISS: I'm not out of my head. I do have some water - I know where some is.

LOWRY: Where?

CRISS: Promise you'll come in it with me?

LOWRY: You serious?

CRISS: (IMPATIENTLY) Certainly I'm serious!

LOWRY: Sure - sure I'm in it, then.

CRISS: Just you and me. Here's what I did. You know the water tanks in LV-5 bombers -

LOWRY: Sure - hundred gallon - but they were all emptied a week ago, when they knew there was going to be a shortage.

CRISS: Sure-sure - I know that - but - (LOWERS VOICE) I filled one up again the next day - on the q.t.

LOWRY: (STARTLED) And you've been -

CRISS: (INTERRUPTING) Yeah - I've been sneaking in the hangar once a day to get a drink.

LOWRY: Why! - you lousy bum. Why didn't you tell me? - I'm dying of thirst and you -

CRISS: (INTERRUPTING) Shut up. I've let you in on it, haven't I?

LOWRY: I'm going to get out there now and -

CRISS: (BREAKS IN) Not now. Wait till I tell you something!

LOWRY: Make it snappy.

CRISS: There's enough water in it to last ~~for~~ us two for a month.

LOWRY: What are we waiting for?

CRISS: Wait. . . Here's my idea. I can't keep sneaking out to the hanger much longer without being caught - you know that. Well - (PAUSE) - let's steal the plane.

LOWRY: Steal it! We can't do that. That'd be -

CRISS: Sure - it's treason or something. ~~They~~'d shoot us if there was an army any more - but there isn't. There's no law, Lowry - not any longer. It's every man for himself now. We have our chance and we're going to take it.

LOWRY: I don't know whether I'm ready to declare a moral anarchy yet, Criss. We're going to die, Criss - everybody is going to die someday. We've got a peace to ~~make~~ arrange with our Maker.

CRISS: You're talkin' crazy, Lowry. You want to live don't you. Listen. We can steal the bomber - it's got ~~at~~ cruising range of nine thousand miles at three hundred miles and hour.

LOWRY: This is no time to talk ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ specifications -

CRISS: Just listen. She takes off at a hundred miles and hour. That means that we could keep her in the air at eighty miles and ~~hours~~ if we're careful. We could cruise around for a hundred and twelve hours ~~if~~ we're careful.

LOWRY: You've got it all figured out, haven't you?

CRISS: (PUGNACIOUSLY) Sure I have! I'm not going to curl up and die. We're fighting for time. The water'll be back to normal soon - we can cruise around - maybe find some pure water someplace.

(PAUSE)

LOWRY: Okay. I'm in.

CRISS: Just you and me. I'd like to take Burke, too - but we can't take all our friends. We've got to look out for ourselves.

LOWRY: You're doing a first-flight job of that.

CRISS: Don't get smart. I'm lettin' you in on something.



LOWRY: Okay. Go ahead. My integrity is at low ebb. What first?

CRISS: We'll get dressed now - in the dark - get out to the hangar.  
We can get the - (BREAKS OFF) Psst! Somebody's coming!  
(PAUSE)

BIZ: DOOR OPEN - AWAY - HEAVY STEPS -  
(PAUSE)

CRISS: (ALoud - BUT SHAKILY) That you, Burke?

BURKE: (AWAY) Yeah.

CRISS: Don't turn on the lights.

BURKE: I won't.

LOWRY: Where've you been all this time?

BURKE: Never mind. I want you to do me a favor.

LOWRY: Sure, Burke - if I can?

BURKE: I want you to shoot me.  
(PAUSE)

LOWRY: You're drunk.

BURKE: (ANGRILY) I said I want you to shoot me! Kill me!

LOWRY: (SOOTHINGLY) Take it easy, guy. Come over and sit down on  
the bed.

BURKE: I said I want you to shoot me! - don't you hear!? - shoot me!  
I'm goin' over! We're all going to die - I want you to  
shoot me. I'm not going to die of thirst!  
(HOTLY)

CRISS: We're not going it, Burke! Do your own dirty work! If you  
can't stick it -

BURKE: (OVER-RIDING HIM) I would - if I could. . . (THEN MORE  
SUBDUED) I drank some of the red water.

LOWRY: What!

CRISS: You fool!

BURKE: Sure I did it! We're all going to die, aren't we.. Well - I wanted to see how big I can be before I die!

CRISS: You cock-eyed crazy fool!

LOWRY: Don't you know, Burke? Haven't you heard?

(PAUSE)

BURKE: Haven't I heard what?

CRISS: You can't die. They've tried to -

LOWRY: (BREAKS IN) Let me tell him. . . Burke, you've gotten a lousy break - you didn't hear. The people who have drunk that water - they can't die, they can't be killed. It's been tried. The men at the front - the ones who drank the water - the even stood in front of canons, ~~have~~ been blown full of holes - but they don't die.

BURKE: (SCREAMS) Good God! But you've gotta try! Lissen, guys - please - you've gotta try. I can't get my hand up to my head with the gun - I've started to swell ~~xxxxx~~ already! You've gotta help me!

LOWRY: (SOOTHINGLY) Sure, Burke - we'll try. If you'd only waited. We could have done - done something else.

BURKE: (SOFTLY) Wh-what do you mean?

LOWRY: Never mind now. . . You're sure you want me to do it, are ya?

BURKE: (PLEADINGLY) Please, Lowry - I've always been your ~~friend~~ friend. Just try - that's all I'm asking - just try.

LOWRY: Okay, Burke. Give me your pistol. (SHAKILY) You want to pray or something?

BURKE: Just shoot. You pray for me - if I get over.

LOWRY: (SOFTLY) So long, old man.

CRISS: (TREMBLING) Good bye, Burke. H-happy landings.



(GRAND PAUSE)

BIZ: AX SHOT -

BURKE: (SCREAMS) Again! Shoot again!

CRISS: (MOANING) Ohhhh -

BIZ: FIVE MORE SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION -

(PAUSE)

BURKE: The pain's less - less - less - but I - I - I'm still  
alive - (SOB)

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

(FADING IN)

BIZ: STEADY DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTORS -

CRISS: Want me to take over for a while, Lowry?

LOWRY: (WEARILY) I don't care. . . Criss, why don't we just  
get it over?

CRISS: Get it over? What do you mean?

LOWRY: You know what I mean. We can't go on like this forever.  
We've got to land sometime - can't just fly around like  
this. Let's - let's just put those silver bullets in the  
brain while we can.

CRISS: (Don't talk like a fool.

LOWRY: It's a lost world, Criss - it's doomed. We may be the last  
normal men alive today - there's no letting up.

CRISS: We've still got enough water to last three weeks - something  
may happen before it's gone.

LOWRY: Then what? No use living in a world like this. Three  
billion people - not they either dead or else they're  
swelled up to the size of - I don't know what.

CRISS: Something may happen!

LOWRY: (IRRITABLY) Quit~~x~~ saying that. Nothings going to happen.  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Those "things" that were once people  
will just go on getting larger and larger. The eath's  
surface is crowddd with them - they're being pushed off  
land into the water. There's no place on the earth for  
the living.

CRISS: I'm going on. I'm going to be in at the end. I might  
kill my self when the water gives out - but I'm going to  
hang on till the last.

LOWRY: You're a fool.  
(PAUSE - DRONING OF MOTORS UP A BIT)

LOWRY: I've made up my mind. I'm going to do it.

CRISS: Wait, Lowry - please. We're over India - look - down  
there.

LOWRY: What of it?

CRISS: Take her down to about five hundred feet. We can see what's  
going on.

LOWRY: We know what's going on. People are swelling and swelling.  
Maybe the bodies are two deep by this time. I don't see  
any kick in seeing that again.

CRISS: Let's just look around once more -

LOWRY: Okay. I'm going to see how fast we can dive, though. Got  
nothing to lose now. . . Set?

CRISS: Set.

BIZ: GUNNING MOTORS - ROAR - THEN WHISTLING - HOLD -

CRISS: (YELLING OVER DIN) Put it out! Pull 'er out!

BIZ: MOTORS EASE UP A BIT -

LOWRY: (YELLING) I can't - can't pull - (EXERTION) I can't -

BEE6 LOUD CRASH - THE PLANE, OF COURSE -



(FADE OUT)

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

(FADING IN)

BIZ: AS AT FIRST - WIND, ETC. -

CRISS: Yeah - I'm the last man in the world alive. Living like a ~~man~~ human, that is. Those "thing" - they're still gettin' bigger and bigger. . . Lowry got killed when we crashed on this mountain peak - ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ but he~~x~~ probably didn't care. I'm glad I didn't get killed though. It's quite a kick being the last man alive on a world that's had men on it for - oh, millions of years at least. The water all spilled before we crashed - but I don't care. I've got my gun - so when I get thirsty - boom! - the last man in the world will be gone. (GASP) think I wish I had brought a supply of oxygen. ~~I~~ didn't air'd ever be scarce - but it is to me. Not much oxygen on a mountain peak - and those three billion monsters are still breathin' - the ones who are three hundred feet tall are probably takin' in five cubic feet of air at a breath. Bet the air is scarce down there in the valley - the monsters are piled at least three deep. . . It's funny - (I suppose you could call it funny) - that's why the last crazy war started - because some countries wanted territory to expand. They didn't know what it meant to really need to expand, did they? They didn't know that people - people three and four hundred feet tall ~~xxx~~ - would be piled two and three deep because they haven't got the territory to - to "expand." I think it is funny - don't you?

CRISS:

(CONTINUED)

Wonder what's going to happen to those "things." They can't be killed - just go on breathing, fightin' for air - kinda like I'm fightin' for air now - only harder I suppose - especially the ones with a couple other giants four hundred feet tall piled on top of 'em. . . Who'd ever have dreamed something like this could happen? ~~XXXXX~~ I've had nightmares - some pretty terrible ones - but they weren't even ~~one~~ one teeny bit as bad as this - and this is real. This is the end of the world!.

(LONG PAUSE)

I - I'm gettin' thirsty. Really ~~thirsty~~ thirsty. I guess I've seen all there is to see - and it's gettin' pretty hard to breathe too. . . I should write something on a rock about this - when the world ended and all of that. Ummm - but what's the use? It'll be a ~~XXXXXXXX~~ million years before another thing like a man come out of (what is it they call it?) - the primordeal ooze? I guess it ~~XXXXXXXX~~ wouldn't make much difference to people a million years from now that we once lived here too.

(PAUSE)

Well - I kinda wished I had somebody to say goodbye to.

(SIGH) But I haven't.

(PAUSE)

Gosh, I'm thirsty.

BIZ:A GUNSHOT - MOUNTAIN WIND UP AND HOLD FOR -THE GONG - REGISTER AND OUT -

ANNOUNCER: "ONE DAY IT RAINED BLOOD" - written for LIGHTS OUT by Charles Gussman, produced by Gordon T. Hughes - was presented from our Chicago Studios.